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Sunday - 25th.

Hello! my heart!

Have just returned from the Hospital and altho it is Sunday, and I knew positively there could be no mail from you, yet I looked for surety and force of habit - and can you beat it? felt a pang of disappointment! This is probably because it is not like Sunday to me - since I had to work — I thought the carriers would too, out of sympathy. I promised to write yesterday, and I honestly ask you to forgive me for not keeping my promise; but I shall explain. Nell and Edna wanted to a party, and I purposely refused — first, because I wished more to write to you, and secondly, because I realized

that I are forgiven". I tried to console myself that Friday's letter would reach you Monday, and how much nicer it would be to get one on Monday and another on Tuesday instead of 2 on Monday and none on Tuesday - but somehow it hadn't much of a soothing effect. Do tell me you were not disappointed.

Joe you wrote you had a headache and that you hadn't slept well because of worry at home. How do you feel now, and won't you tell me the cause of your worry? I think Joe, that you sometimes worry over molehills thinking they are mountains. This will never do! You big goosey honeybunch, you must always have something to worry about to keep you happy! You

parties, accompanied with late hours, do not agree with, not only Sunday's work, but a whole week, as well, ahead of it; and thirdly because I actually didn't feel or care to go. But who should come along, but Anna, telling me how wonderfull an evening it was, coaxing for a half hour's walk, and coaxing with her was the weather, for it was glorious. So I went, - walking up around the reservoir - the first time since you left. The half hour soon stretched into a hour and the hour into two. Even then I intended to write, but realized that I had missed the last mail. Joe, you don't know how badly I felt, and I want you to assure me

are going to accustom yourself to obey? Well, then prove it to me. And you have not the slightest idea how happy I was to know you were attending the alumni dinner. That's what I like to hear! Did you have a nice time? Did you wear a full dress suit? Tell me all about it. I, too, wish I were able to attend it with you — but —?

I received your picture as I told you before. I have almost worn the portfolio out. Admire and kiss it? How could I help it when it is such a likeness to my Joe? I can't forget you now for a second — I can always see your appealing eyes and smiling mouth. But sometimes it only makes me ache to see you — makes me

ache all the more. Joe, do you think it possible to come home for the summer, do I want you too! I don't dare let go of myself, don't dare put my thoughts and desires into either thought or words because I am afraid of the terrible, awful, disappointment which will follow if you don't come. Don't mention it or even ask me again — don't even kindle such hopes unless you feel sure you can come — for I shall only feel more lonely — and as for welcoming you home — well, no, — I don't care whether you come or not — no — nope! — no! — !!

It is a pity to even think of

in your claim collecting scheme. So is all over now on account of Goldberger's attitude. How has he been behaving of late? I suppose as naturally as ever —.

I have been down to see Mrs. Maass — spent a whole evening with her. As badly as I feel about having to work on Sundays yet I couldn't think of returning. Everything there seems so stupid to me now that I wonder at myself how I could have been contented there for the length of time that I was. Mrs. Maass still feels dreadfully disappointed because of this — and told me with a great deal of surprise in her

your uncle going into bankruptcy — but, if fate has so ordained — well, then it is up to your uncle to get himself a good lawyer — and there is no better than Joe Freedman — is there? After all Joe, you must admit with all your uncle's faults he knows what is good — doesn't he? And "100 — "Mon Dieu!" "100! And a possibility of more! Well! ——!

I have been wondering sweetheart how that case which you thought would ~~finance~~ finance you "so to" resulted. And did you appeal the other case! Have been wondering too, how you and Goldberger are now progressing

voice that I am looking remarkably well, - considering. I suppose she rather expected me to return looking the picture of despair. It seems as though she was so disgusted with Rose J. that she was going to send for me —. Yet, Joe, I was surprised to know that you were pleased to find I had decided not to return! I thought you liked Mrs. Maass? Why? The pharmacist that is there now — (you sure have it in for thoughtless American beauties, haven't you?) is lovely. Joe! — you know her! Do you remember once when I was down to Sea Gate to see Mrs. Suchtand. She was with me, and we both visited the Russian Students

or some other kind of Students' club? I later came to your house, and she called for me to go home to-gether? Do you recollect? Well — She's the young lady that is now at Mrs. Maass. She is lovely — last week she came down, stayed for supper and spent the whole evening with me. The only regret that I have is, that while at Mrs. Maass I should have accomplished so much embroidery — which I am so anxious about doing now.

I am so happy, Joe, that you liked the package I sent you. I hardly knew what size slipper to buy, and after questioning every man I met for a couple of weeks (to their astonish-

ness to you, but, I had to let it suffice – it's all they would spare on one bag. So, my love, you shall have to picture (you know that terrible hard number that I can't for the life of me figure out) so many of them there – for that is only a fraction of the smallest possible number imaginable of what I wish for you.

And Thursday I called up to congratulate your mother for her birthday and also to scold Rose. What do you suppose she did? Sent me the most beautiful pair of white kid gloves – she had remembered my remark about mine having been

ment and surprise) as to the extent of their lower extremities. I finally compromised on 6½. If they do not fit, either too large or too small just send them back and I can have them exchanged. They look about the size that your feet ought to be! Are they? And the bag – I, if you please, embroidered it myself! Do you like it? Let me explain to you what it represents. The blue-bird means happiness – and this was symbolic of what I wished for you. My only regret was that it only had one bluebird! for I could hardly dare ask one little bird like that to carry all my wishes for your happi-

burnt - can you beat that? So pretty are they that I actually hate to wear them. Between Rose and I, we purchase a percolator (for coffee) for your mother's birthday. As yet, I have not seen it, but Rose says it is marvellous. But I felt so badly to hear that it did not come in time for her birthday. Rose wishes me to come down for Seder night - but that Sunday I must work and so promised to call her up to tell her definately. Tell me, did you find my letter when you returned from the court house? You should have, because I wrote on Tuesday. Also tell me how you felt, what you did, what

you thought of - everything that happened on your (theme too!) birthday. Thought of you all day, my honeybunch.

Now, I shall close with these thoughts, how did you spend this Sunday! like the last? "Am I forgiven"; surely I ought to be, after such a long letter. Do you love me - I suppose not, - but I don't care - ~~dis~~ I love you - no - and I don't care - But shall send you, anyway, your goodnight kiss in this letter.

good night, my honeybunch for I am dead tired.

Your loving but lonesome

Frances.

on

Are you still smoking?

Forgot to tell you that the Guardsman that wrote that poem must love Sem. as much as you do. It must be a wonderful place and perhaps some day I may pass my personal opinion about it. It sure is pretty. Isn't it strange, but when you were sending me this verse I was copying one I thought pretty for you. I tell you Joe, "Great minds run in one channel." Is not possibly one to another word — So again, good night my sweetheart. ok dear I'm tired